

Amanda Diva Skit

Pitbull

[Amanda Diva:]

These words are written in blood, on red and white lines

Rhymes to the beat of a war drum that cries

Like mothers whose sons were sent to fight

And widows whose spouses souls are all that keep them warm at night

Underneath spacious skies where stars look more like bullet holes

And the haze of the clouds more like shrouds

I swear I smell gunsmoke, when I inhale too deep

Cause cheap lies have caused the loss of priceless lives

Bush is duckin the truth while the few and the proud dodge land mines

Niggaz is doin time for gettin caught with a dime

but he will never be indicted for his crimes against this nation

Impatient with waiting it's time we fall in line

and STOP, falling for the lies

The war ain't only in Iraq

It's time we fight back, for control of our minds